Happy Anniversary (Again)

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Happy Anniversary (Again)

by harleygirl2648

Summary

Of course Hannibal Lecter wouldn't be satisfied with celebrating just one anniversary.

Notes

Just a little cute thing!

See the end of the work for more notes

According to the beautiful handwritten script on the note on the bedside table, there was a surprise waiting for Will when he got downstairs.

Oh, damn it.

Surprises covered quite the spectrum when it came to Hannibal. On the positive end, a *surprise* could mean, “I’ve made those blueberry muffins with the dark chocolate shavings,” or maybe, “Lean back on the breakfast bar, please, and don’t muss my hair too badly, I have a meeting this morning.” On the other hand, however, it could also mean, “I murdered the waiter that touched your shoulder two weeks ago and made a delicious frittata out of his tongue,” or even worse, “I’m in a pissy mood and willing to stab someone.”

So as Will made his way down the stairs, he made sure he carried his own knife in his left hand. Hannibal had a bright smile on his face, which somehow didn’t make Will feel better.

“Hannibal?” he asked, raising an eyebrow. “What did you do?”

Hannibal kept the smile and nodded over to Will’s seat at the table, where a simple wrapped box sat at his place setting. He made his way over, thinking *please don’t be something weird, please don’t be a body part-*

Aaaaand, it - wasn’t. It was - it was a pair of cufflinks. Silver, with perfect sapphires that glittered in the early morning sunlight. Will set down his knife to lift up the sparkling jewels.

“What do you think?” Hannibal asked softly, having made his way behind his husband, pressing a kiss to his neck. “If you would prefer something differ-”

“No, no, they’re beautiful, but - but *why?”*

Hannibal’s arms wrap around Will’s waist, pulling him close, and he whispered, “Because today is the first day I ever laid eyes on you, and you laid eyes on me. The most precious gems in the world, sapphires are a poor substitute.”

“You’re such a sap,” Will smiled, turning his head to give his husband a kiss. “But you don't need to buy me expensive things for the anniversary of every single significant event in our lives. We’ll end up going broke.”

“I doubt that.”

“Don’t push your luck.”

“It’s part of my nature. Now, breakfast.”

Hannibal had been oddly quiet today. Never a good sign. There didn't seem to be a particular reason, at least none that Will could see, until he opened the calendar in Hannibal's bedside drawer out of curiosity and found today's date circled. A clue, but no dice.

He was even quiet as he made dinner, plating the simple dish with no more finesse than, "Roast leg of lamb with rosemary and Parmesan-dusted potatoes."

It clicked. He didn't need to say anymore.

They hadn't had lamb since…*oh.*

Dinner was quieter than usual, the only words exchanged were "it's delicious" and "thank you." Other than that, there was the scraping of forks on china and occasionally knocking the wineglass on the side of the plate when they set it back down. Dancing around the elephant in the room, just like...well, the day *this* happened. Will didn't like it, he was being treated like a fragile little teacup again, like if Hannibal pressed too close the scar would open up again.

So when Hannibal stood up to put away the dishes, but then Will stood, placing his hand on Hannibal's shoulder and almost *melted* as Hannibal instantly relaxed into the touch.

"Will-"

"The damn dishes can wait," Will said gently, pulling him closer and moving in the direction of the veranda. "Come with me."

Hannibal followed him. Will knew he would. They got out onto the veranda, sitting on the sofa that faced the ocean, the sunset. Will found it fitting that there was a sunshower, the rain falling as the sun faded. He rested his head against Hannibal's shoulder, smiling a little as Hannibal took his hand carefully.

"What do they say about sunshowers in Lithuania?" Will asked, to break up the stillness of the moment, relaxing to the steady beat of Hannibal's heat. He could practically feel the amusement brimming.

"I was taught that sunshowers are orphans' tears."

"Sounds just about as depressing as what they say where I'm from. My dad used to say it's the devil attacking his wife."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. Apparently he's angry God made something so beautiful that he couldn't share in, couldn't have for himself."

Hannibal was quiet for a few more moments. "I find that I agree with the devil, not for the first time in my life." His hand moved away from Will's to gently touch the scar across his stomach. Will's smile felt brittle.

"I love you, you know," he managed to say with as clear a voice as he could. Hannibal smiled in spite of himself.

“I love you, too, Will. With all my heart.”

They watch the sun set over the water, raindrops twinkling in the dying light. No more words were exchanged, and none truly needed to be. They fell asleep like that, under the stars and the sound of the calm waves.

Hannibal Lecter was somehow a master of being both extremely vague and yet blatantly obvious at the same time. Cheerfully making puns about dinner that Will had to drink through whenever there was a guest, or some sort of innuendo that was so awful and yet worked every single time. But today, he seemed to be leaning more towards the obvious.

The first few opening notes of Vivaldi’s *La Primavera* that played as Will arrived home that day pretty much sealed the deal, as did all of the ingredients for pasta primavera that Hannibal was slicing. Will sighed.

“You’re not as sneaky as you think you are.”

“Whatever do you mean?” Hannibal asked, setting the vegetables on the baking tray. Will rolled his eyes, snatching a slice of red pepper and popping it into his mouth.

“I know what today is.”

“Excellent. Do you know where you are, as well? The time? Should I have you draw a clock?” Hannibal's voice is unbearably smug and Will want to wipe it off of his face.

“Today is the day we met up again in Italy,” Will declared, reaching for another vegetable only for his hand to be smacked away.”

“You are correct, Will. I knew you just needed a little push in the correct direction.”

“You absolute *asshole.”*

“I won't make panna cotta for dessert.”

“...Fine,” Will sighed again, letting himself get pushed against the counter. “You’re lucky I love you.”

“Very, very lucky, my darling.”

“The pet names might be pushing it,” Will said with a smile, accepting the kiss he received but rolling his eyes as he observed the copy of the Primavera that had apparently been placed in the kitchen. At least it wasn’t that damn swan painting again.

Will coughed, more out of being stunned than any obstruction in his breathing passage. “Oh, fuck, it’s in my eye.” His right eye fluttered as he attempted to blink out the blood spattered that had ended up there when he had sliced through their victim's neck. “I told you to lock the back door, had to chase him all the way down to the damn beach.”

“It slipped my mind,” Hannibal replied, a beaming grin on his face that was visible by the faint moonlight in at midnight, the blood accentuating the cheekbones. Will suddenly realized something, and pushed Hannibal hard in the chest so he stumbled backwards a little.

“Did you - did you let someone *almost escape* to fulfill some weird fantasy of yours? You are truly sick.”

“I would not have allowed him to live, don’t be ridiculous.”

“Oh, sorry, *I’m* being ridiculous, I shouldn't rob you of your title,” Will muttered, determinedly frowning even as Hannibal pulled him in for a kiss, licking at the blood in the corner of his lip. “What - what are you doing?”

“It really *does* look black in the moonlight,” Hannibal purred, and Will would have shoved him again if Hannibal wasn’t a half-second faster, knocking him onto his back in the sand. Wil snarled, snaking his hand into Hannibal’s hair and pulling as they kissed again.

“I hate you,” he hissed, kissing him again, in between, “I hate you, I hate you so much I can't stand it, you are absolutely ridiculous in every fucking way.”

“I adore you, Will.”

“Fine, I fucking love you too, you fucking asshole."

“Wait - wait,” Will gasped, pushing Hannibal away from where he was very determinedly marking the pulse point on his neck. “I - I’m not complaining about sex three times before breakfast, but, uh, any *oh fuck* any reason why?”

Hannibal’s grin is pure evil as he kissed Will deeply, before pulling away to kiss down his cheek scar. “Today you first told me that you loved me.”

“O - okay,” Will said, his voice jumping an octave as Hannibal’s hand moved lower again, “Are - are there any plans for today that don’t involve staying in bed?”

“We’re not animals, Will,” Hannibal’s voice was obnoxious and effortlessly smooth. “We’ll stop for lunch.”

Will’s words of protest die on his lips.

There was a white chocolate raspberry cake in the fridge, and Will reached forward to take a bit of the icing off with his finger, when a butter knife is pressed against the front of his jugular vein. “Absolutely not.”

“It’s a butter knife.”

“Do you think that matters?”

“No,” Will said, ducking under Hannibal’s arm, triumphantly holding up his finger with a dot of cream cheese frosting on his finger. The glare on Hannibal’s face would signal death for anyone other than his husband in front of him. Will smiled broadly before licking off the frosting very slowly. “Delicious. I proposed to you today, we had that very makeshift wedding against the door, had sex, that’s what the cake’s for, right?”

“Perceptive.”

“That's why you love me,” Will grinned. “And you thought I wouldn’t remember.”

Will’s smile today is positively aggravating. Smug, coming up behind Hannibal as he prepares lunch that day, enough that he almost dumped the entire bottle of paprika into the mixing bowl as Will kissed his cheek. “Happy anniversary. The one on the marriage certificate.”

Hannibal’s pleasant mood dips slightly as Will presented a cheap greeting card and a box of chocolates. “Oh, I got the chocolate in the cheap-ass gift shop by the bookstore.”

“How droll.”

“You already got the flowers,” Will gestured to the rose bouquet on the kitchen counter. “I just rounded out the gifts.”

“You are truly the light of my life.”

“And the fire of your loins?” Will laughed, taking a fork and tasting a piece of the meat sizzling on the pan on the stove. Hannibal opened the card and ignored the terrible poetry as two tickets fell onto the counter.

“Will-”

“Oh, yeah, I got us private box seats to *Madame Butterfly,”* Will smirked, far too pleased with himself, but Hannibal cannot force himself to care as he walked over and kissed him. “Aren't I the best?”

“Absolute perfection.”

“Well, I didn’t get a private box for nothing,” Will said in a teasing tone. “I expect to be reimbursed.”

“I shall get a larger arrangement of roses, then.”

“You know what I want. Hint: *private* opera box.”

“Then wear the tux.”

“Deal,” Will laughed, pulling his husband into another kiss. “I love you. Happy anniversary.”

“Happy anniversary, Will.”

End Notes

Have you guys ever experienced a sunshower? It's actually kind of creepy and yet beautiful all at once. Just like Hannigram :)

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